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Kriskringle Chimes

A COMPLETE CHRISTMAS EXERCISE

— FOR —

Sunday-School Entertainments.

Price, post-paid, Single Copy, 6 cents; per dozen, 50 cents; per hundred, $4.00.

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PROGRAMME.

No. 1. Christmas March ..... *Organist.*

" 2. Music: ANTHEM ..... *Choir.*

" 3. Prayer ..... *Pastor.*

" 4. Music: HAPPY JOYFUL CHRISTMAS. ..... *School.*

" 5. The Star in the East ..... *Recitation.*

" 6. Christmas Story. ..... *Recitation.*

" 7. Advice to Santa Claus ..... *Small Girl.*

" 8. Music: JESUS SAVES ..... *School.*

" 9. The Christmas Sheaf ..... *Recitation.*

" 10. Christmas—Oration ..... *Superintendent.*

" 11. Santa Claus' Dream ..... *Recitation.*

" 12. Music: JESUS A LITTLE CHILD ..... *Duet and Quartette.*

" 13. Chiming Bells. ..... *Recitation.*

" 14. A Christmas Cure (Select Reading) ..... *Lady.*

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" 18. Christmas Dialogue. ..... *Four Boys.*

" 19. Music: THAT BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN ..... *School.*

" 20. Oration (Carl Dunder) ..... *Young Gent.*

" 21. Distribution of Presents.

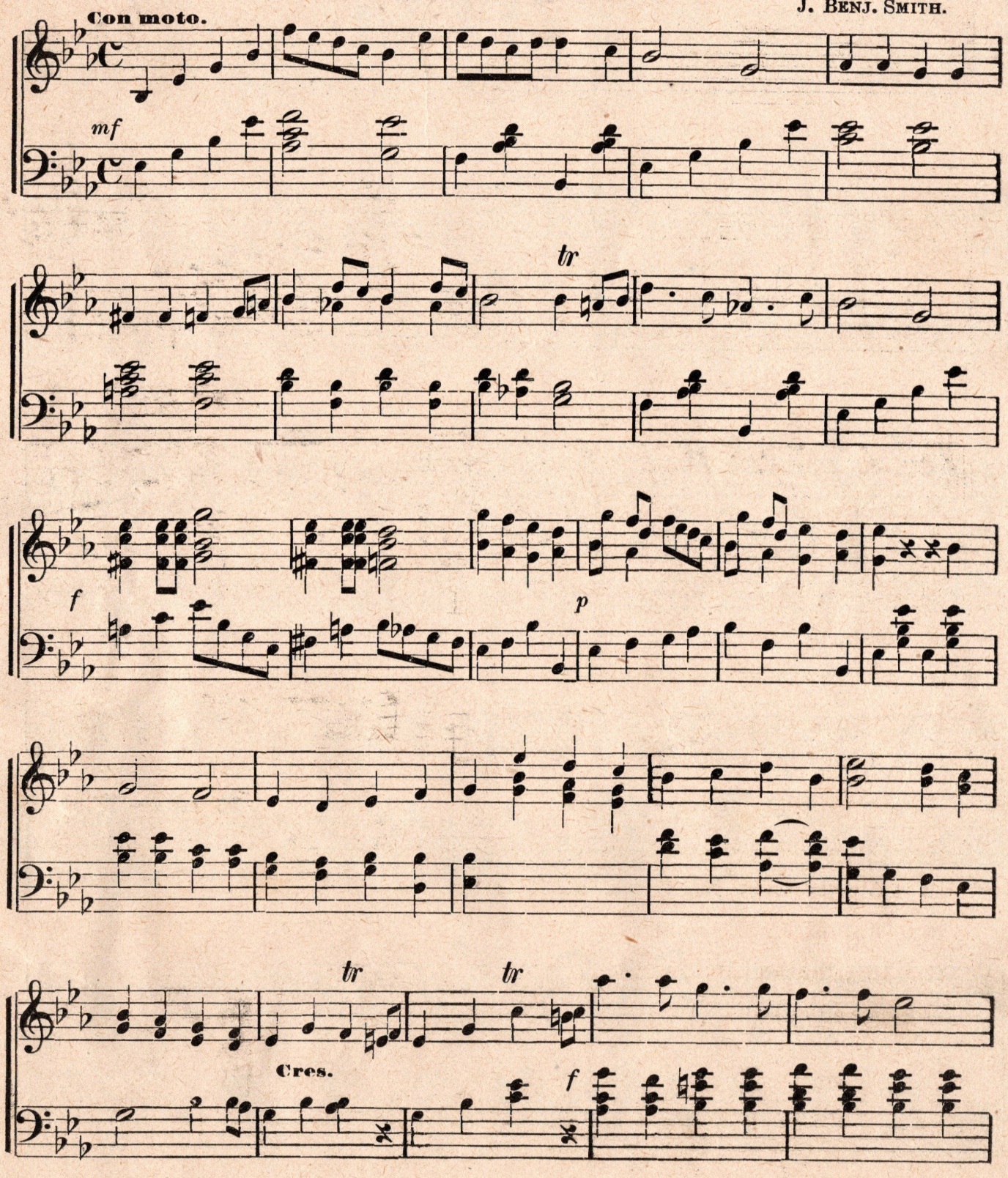
" 22. Benediction.

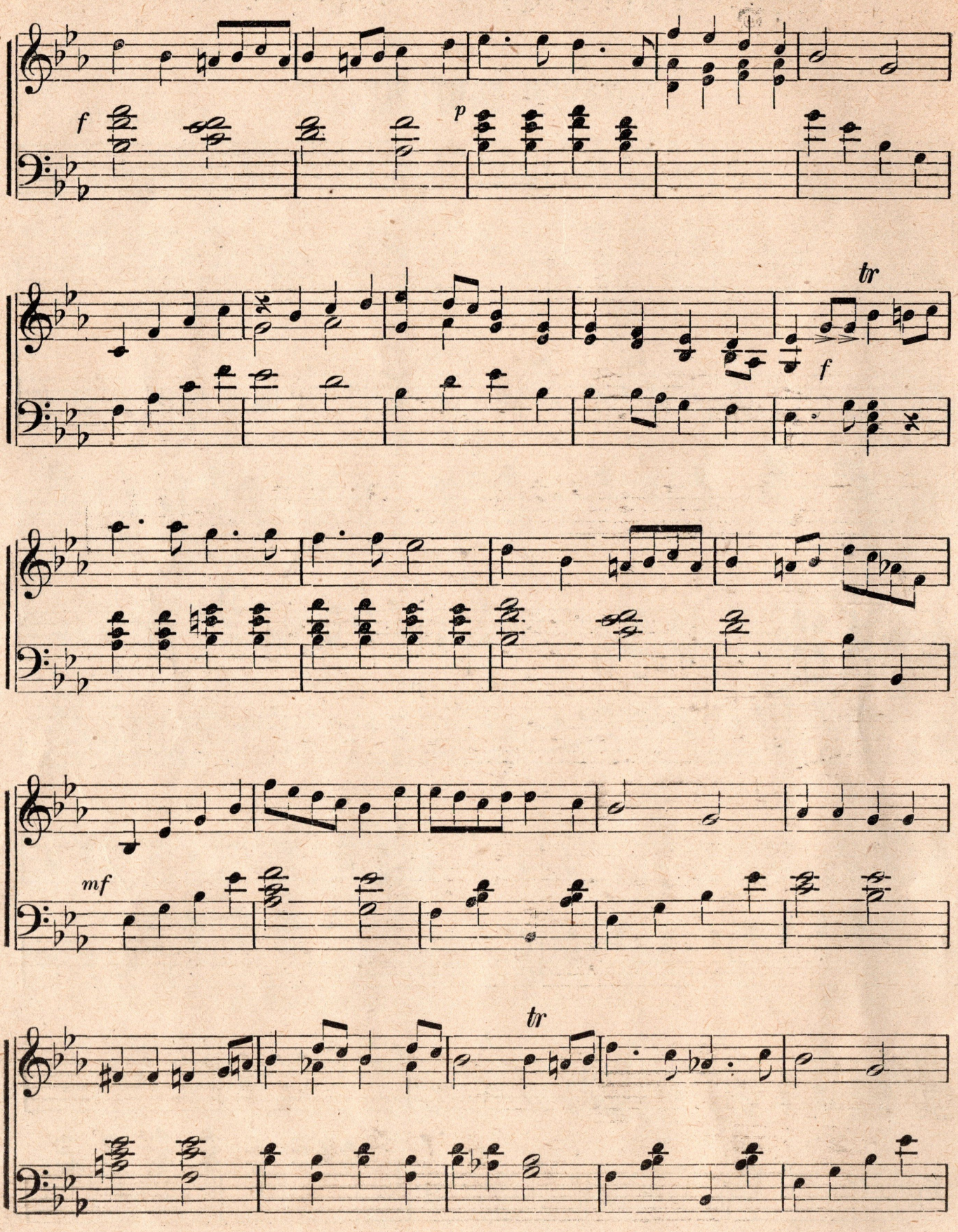
Kriskringle Chimes.

No. 1.

MARCH FANTASIE.

J. Benj. Smith.

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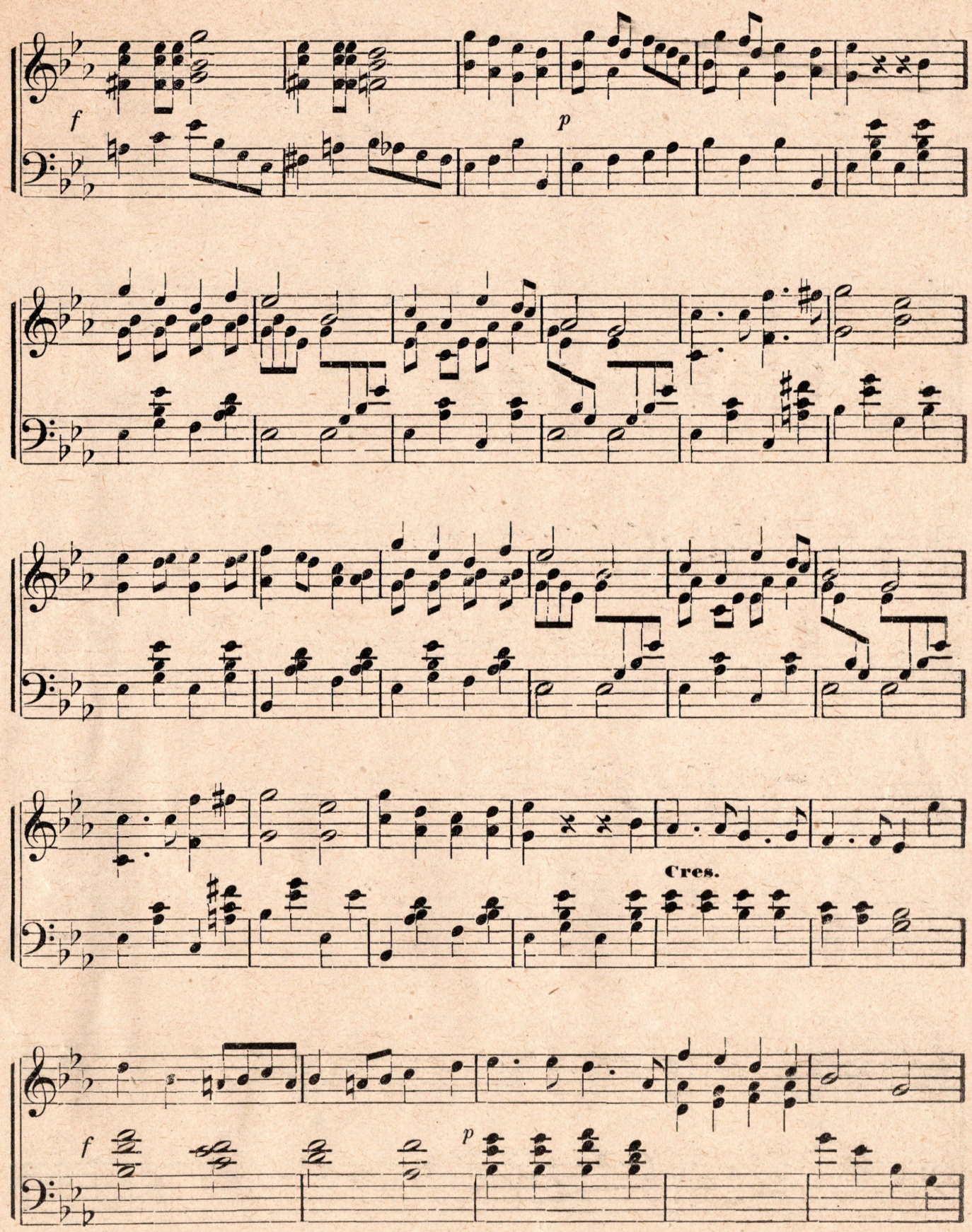
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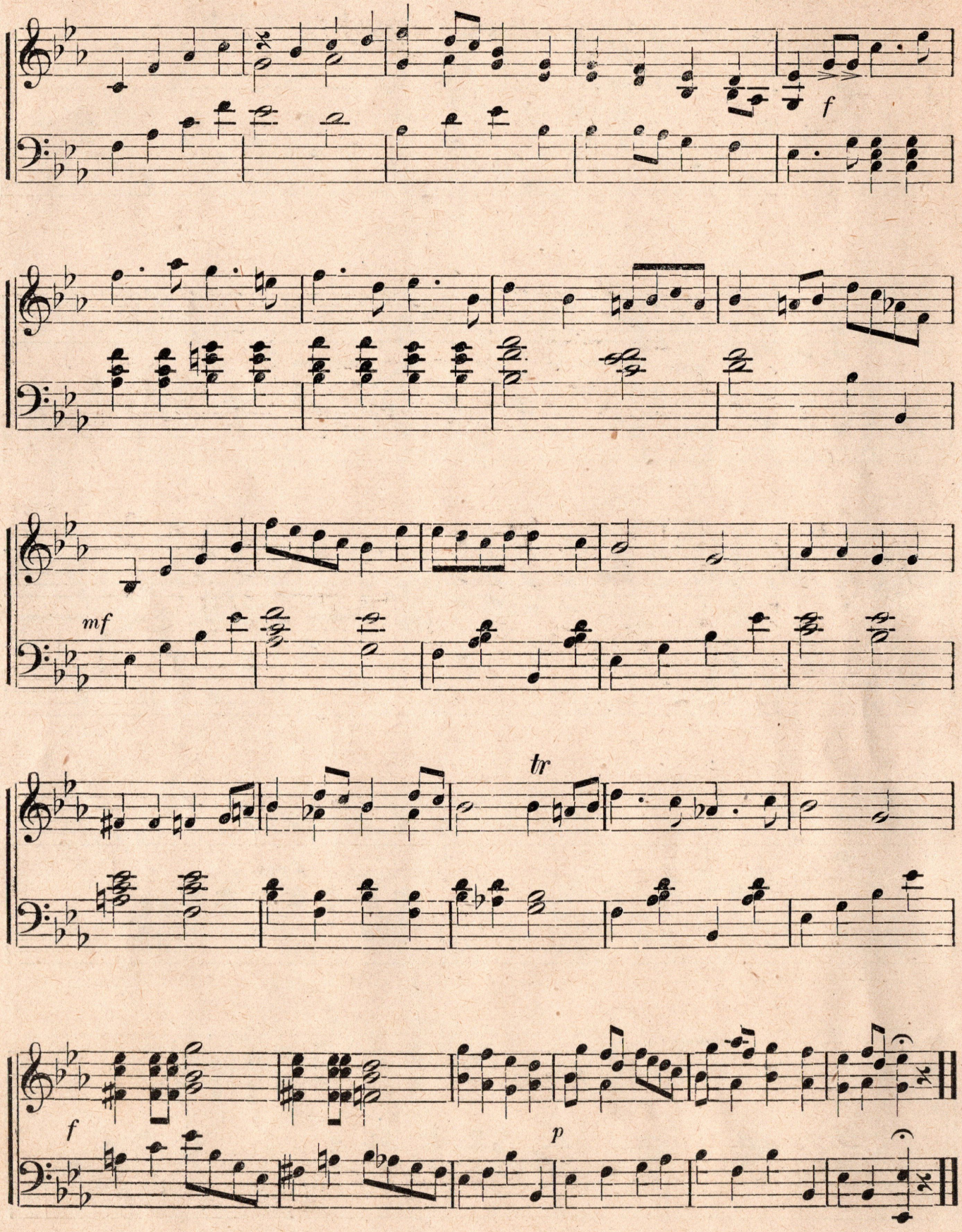
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No. 2.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

W. F. SUTTON.

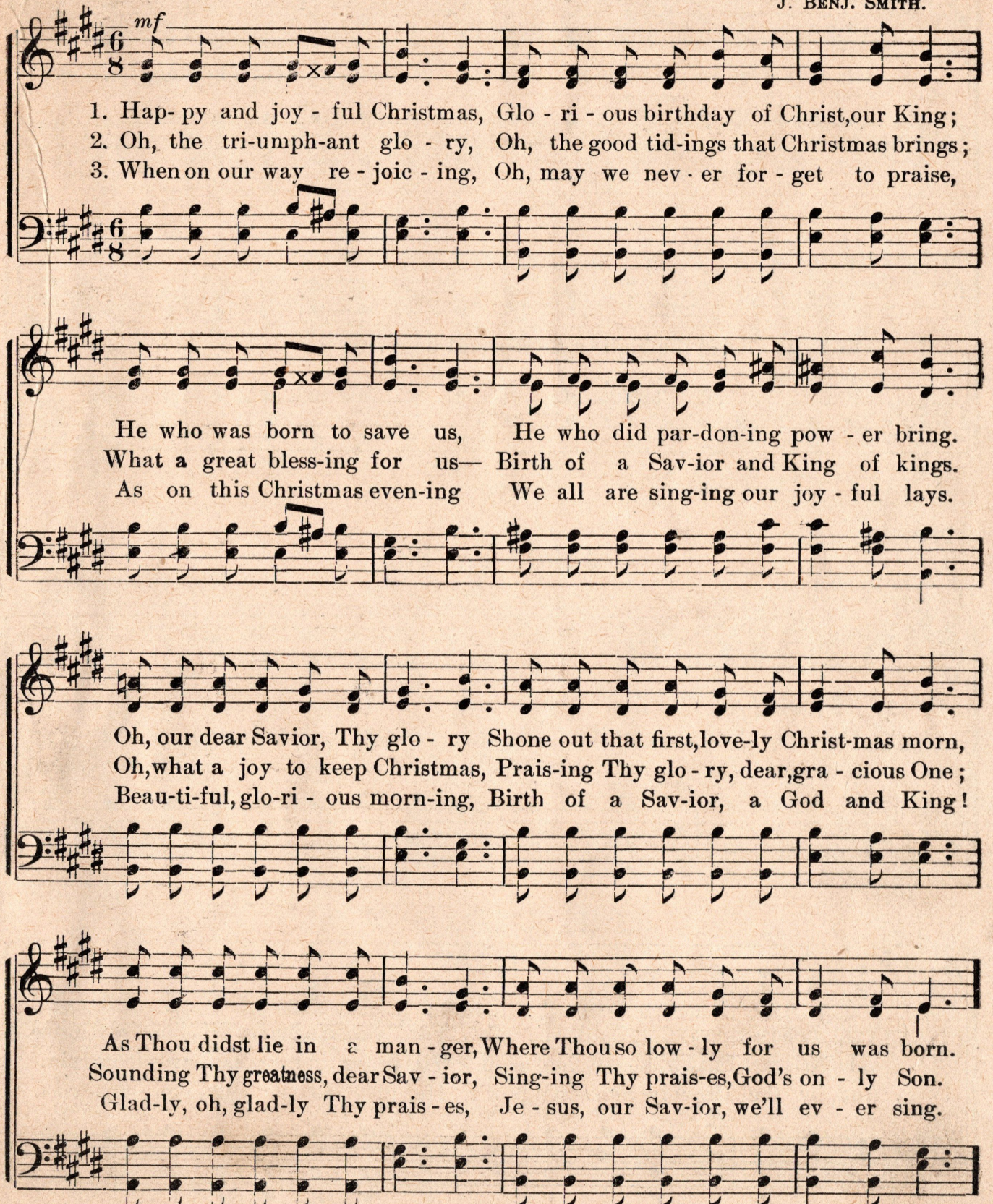
Shepherds watch-ing their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
Cres.
Dim.
The glo - ry of the Lord shone 'round them, They heard the sweet - est sound;
p
pp
They list- en, 'tis re - peat- ed a - gain, Oh, won-der-ful song of love,
New song of an - gels sung to men, Re-sound-ing in heav'n a - bove.
Solo.
And now, tho' a - ges have come and gone, Their song sound-eth

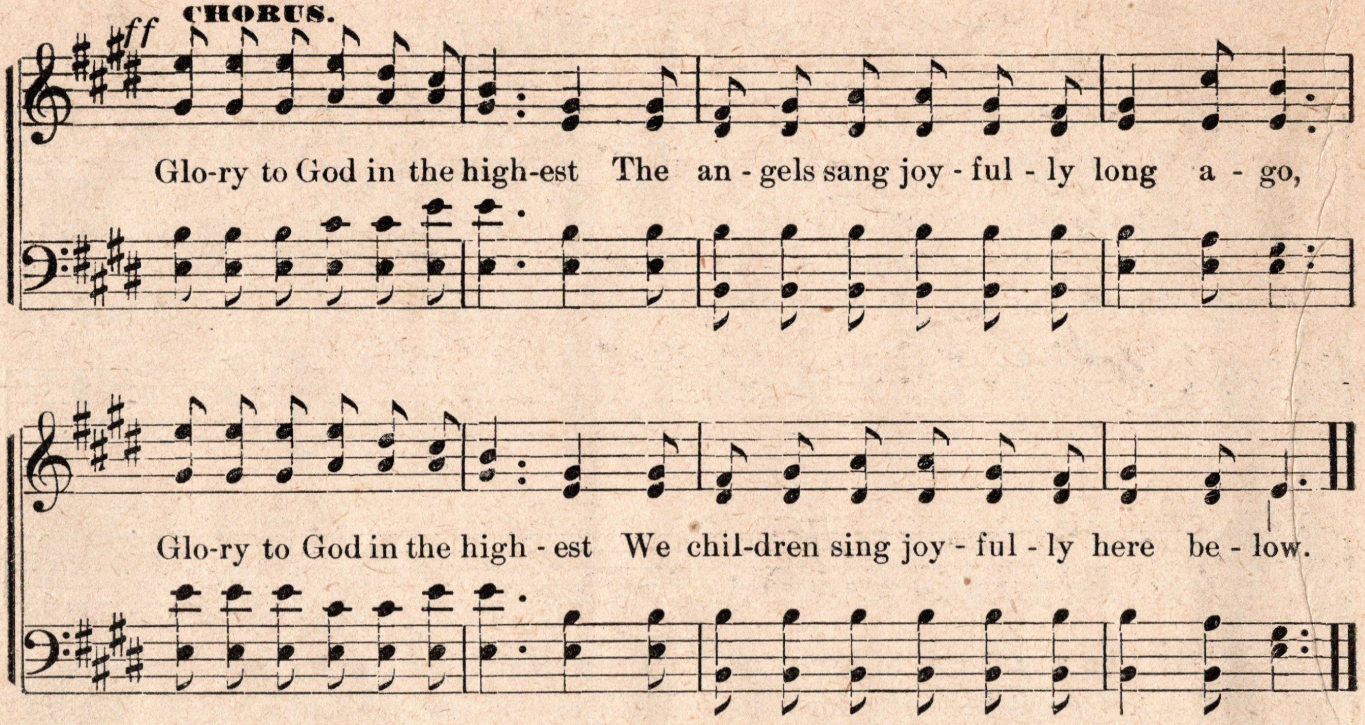
just as sweet . . . As when our King was born, And heav'n came down our
Female Voices.
souls to greet, ... With glo - ry, glo - ry,
CHORUS.
Glo-ry in the highest, Glo-ry in the highest,
Glo - ry in the high - est.
Glo - ry be to God in the high - est, and
Solo.
And on earth peace,
Cres.
Dim.
on earth peace, and on earth peace, good will to men, good will to men.

No. 4.

HAPPY, JOYFUL CHRISTMAS.

J. BENJ. SMITH.

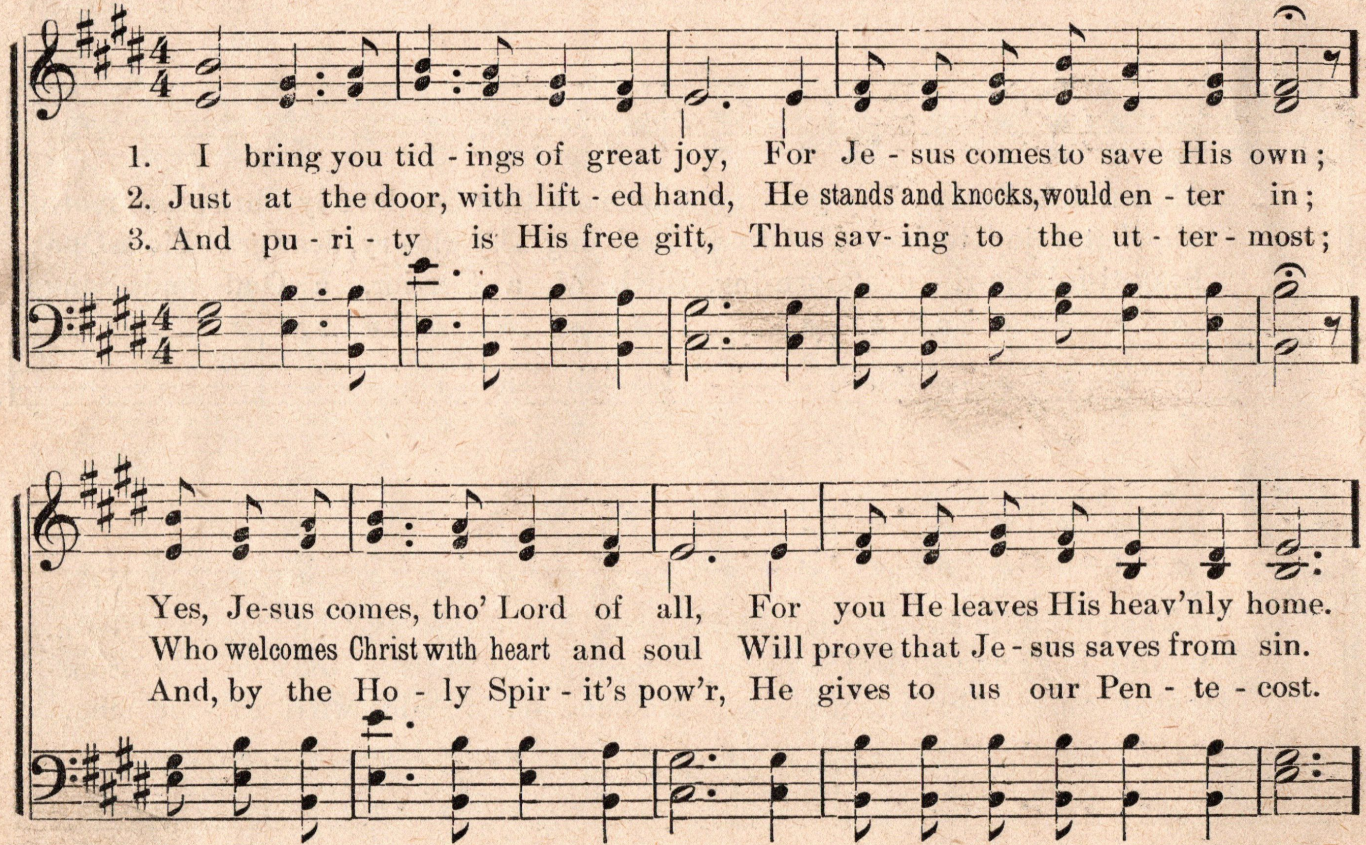

mf
1. Hap- py and joy - ful Christmas, Glo - ri - ous birthday of Christ,our King;
2. Oh, the tri-umph-ant glo - ry, Oh, the good tid-ings that Christmas brings;
3. When on our way re - joic - ing, Oh, may we nev - er for - get to praise,
He who was born to save us, He who did par-don-ing pow - er bring.
What a great bless-ing for us— Birth of a Sav-ior and King of kings.
As on this Christmas even-ing We all are sing-ing our joy - ful lays.
Oh, our dear Savior, Thy glo - ry Shone out that first,love-ly Christ-mas morn,
Oh,what a joy to keep Christmas, Prais-ing Thy glo - ry, dear,gra - cious One;
Beau-ti-ful, glo-ri - ous morn-ing, Birth of a Sav-ior, a God and King!
As Thou didst lie in a man - ger, Where Thou so low - ly for us was born.
Sounding Thy greatness, dear Sav - ior, Sing-ing Thy prais-es,God's on - ly Son.
Glad-ly, oh, glad-ly Thy prais - es, Je - sus, our Sav-ior, we'll ev - er sing.


CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God in the high-est The an - gels sang joy - ful - ly long a - go,
Glo-ry to God in the high - est We chil-dren sing joy - ful - ly here be - low.

No. 8.

JESUS SAVES.

L. HARTOUGH. JOHN H. BENNER.


1. I bring you tid - ings of great joy, For Je - sus comes to save His own;
2. Just at the door, with lift - ed hand, He stands and knocks, would en - ter in;
3. And pu - ri - ty is His free gift, Thus sav - ing to the ut - ter - most;
Yes, Je-sus comes, tho' Lord of all, For you He leaves His heav'nly home.
Who welcomes Christ with heart and soul Will prove that Je - sus saves from sin.
And, by the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, He gives to us our Pen - te - cost.

CHORUS.
Re - joice, His name is Je - sus, for He saves, He saves, Re-
saves, ...
joice, His name is Je - sus, for He saves, He saves, For He saves, He saves,
For He saves, He saves, For He saves His peo-ple from their sins, from their sins.

No. 12.

JESUS A LITTLE CHILD.

E. M. ARNDT. DUET AND QUARTET. J. B. GRASS.

DUET.
1. Thou ho - ly Je - sus, meek and mild, Was born to-day a
2. Tho' I'm but lit - tle, bless me still, And guard my path from
3. That I may be an an - gel too, And on - ly seek Thy
lit - tle child; So, ev - 'ry-where, both far and
ev - 'ry ill; Bathed in Thy heav'n - ly fount - ain
will to do; Grant me but this, dear Sav - ior
Crescendo
near, This day brings ma - ny chil - dren cheer. . . .
clear, Make my soul clean, thou Sav - ior dear. . . .
mine, To keep me hum - ble, make me Thine. . . .
Animato.

SEMI-CHORUS. Andante quasi allegretto.

mf Cres.

Thou ho - ly Je - sus, meek and mild, Wast born to - day a lit - tle child, (a lit - tle child), So, ev - 'ry-where, both far and near, This day brings chil-dren ma - ny cheer.

Tho' I'm but lit - tle, bless me still, And guard my path from ev - 'ry ill, (from ev - 'ry ill), Bathed in Thy heav'n - ly fount - ain clear, Make my soul clean, Thou Sav - ior dear.

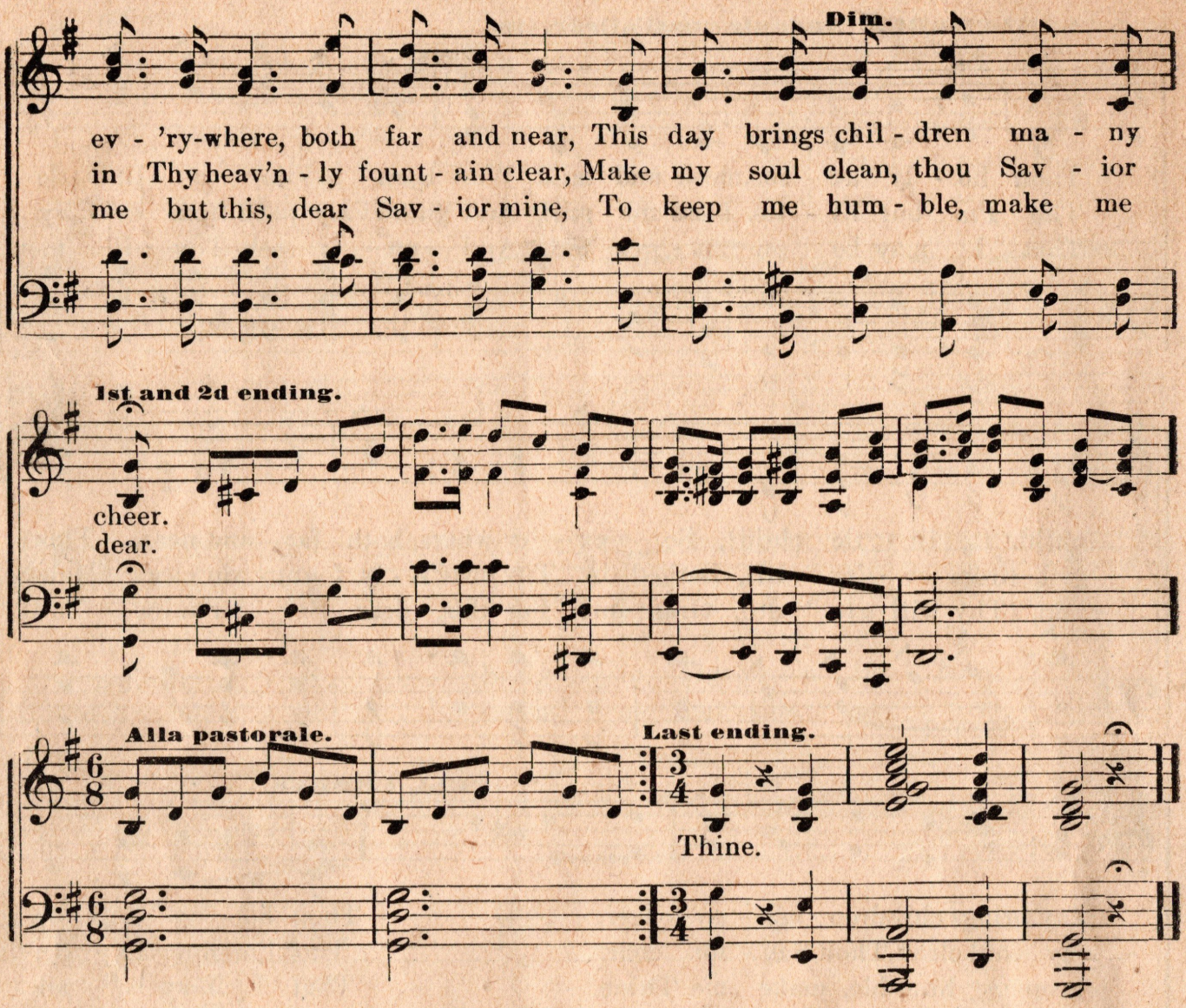
That I may be an an - gel too, And on - ly seek Thy will to do, (Thy will to do), Grant me but this, dear Sav - ior mine, To keep me hum-ble, make me Thine.

FULL CHORUS.

Thou ho - ly Je - sus, meek and mild, Wast born to - day a lit - tle child (a lit - tle child), So,

Tho' I'm but lit - tle, bless me still, And guard my path from ev - 'ry ill (from ev - 'ry ill), Bathed

That I may be an an - gel too, And on - ly seek Thy will to do (Thy will to do), Grant


Dim.
ev - 'ry-where, both far and near, This day brings chil - dren ma - ny
in Thy heav'n - ly fount - ain clear, Make my soul clean, thou Sav - ior
me but this, dear Sav - ior mine, To keep me hum - ble, make me
1st and 2d ending.
cheer.
dear.
Alla pastorale.
Last ending.
Thine.

No. 16.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

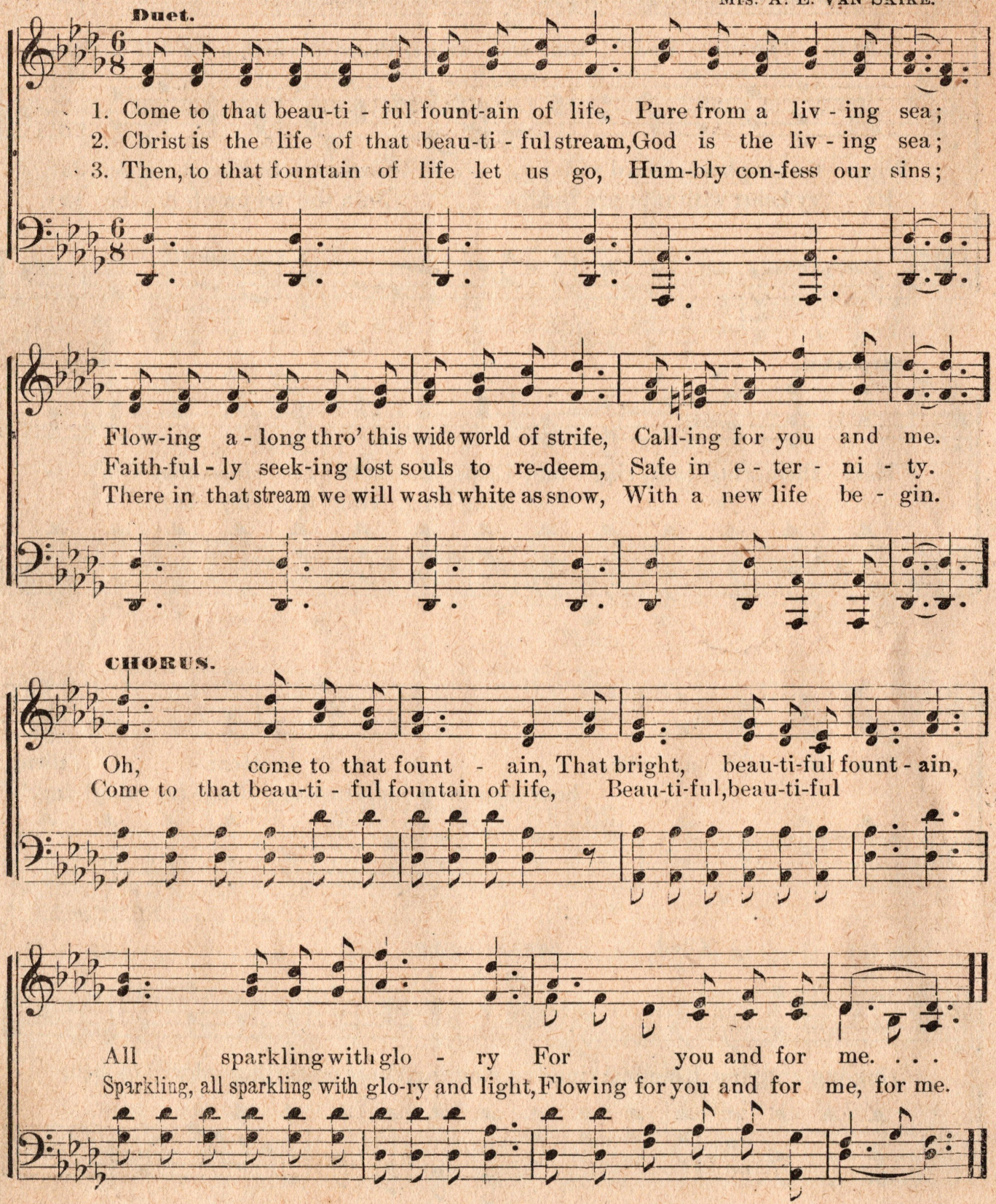
1. Ring the news to ev - 'ry home, An-gels shout the joy- ful strain,
2. How the brightness fill'd the sky, ... List'ning to the sweet-est lay,
3. Peace on earth,good will to men, ... Ev - 'ry land and na-tion rise,

Lo! the prom - ised time has come, Peace on earth, good will to men.
When the shepherds heard with joy, ... Christ, the Sav-ior, born to - day.
Ev - 'ry heart with rapt-ure thrill, ... Join the tri-umph in the sky.
CHORUS.
Hear them ring- ing, ring - ing, Christ-mas bells are ring - ing, Glo - ry
ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - iug,
be to God a - bove, Hear them
hear them ring- ing, ring-ing, Ring - ing, ring - ing,
Glad news bringing,
ring-ing, ring-ing, Ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, Peace on earth, good will to men.

No. 19.

THAT BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.

Mrs. A. E. Van Skike.


Duet.
1. Come to that beau-ti - ful fount-ain of life, Pure from a liv - ing sea;
2. Christ is the life of that beau-ti - ful stream, God is the liv - ing sea;
3. Then, to that fountain of life let us go, Hum-bly con-fess our sins;
Flow-ing a - long thro' this wide world of strife, Call-ing for you and me.
Faith-ful - ly seek-ing lost souls to re-deem, Safe in e - ter - ni - ty.
There in that stream we will wash white as snow, With a new life be - gin.
CHORUS.
Oh, come to that fount - ain, That bright, beau-ti-ful fount - ain,
Come to that beau-ti - ful fountain of life, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
All sparkling with glo - ry For you and for me. . . .
Sparkling, all sparkling with glo-ry and light, Flowing for you and for me, for me.

No. 5. THE STAR IN THE EAST.

While the shepherds were watching on Bethlehem's plain
A star in the East, shone in beauty o'er them;
It shone like a meteor in heaven's high dome,
As a guide to their Saviour, and glory at home.

While the shepherds were wondering what the bright star could mean,
The wise men were gathering and searching for him;
The prophets had told of His coming that way,
So they followed the star, till it come where He lay.
To the manger in Bethlehem the bright star had come,
As a guide to their Saviour, and glory at home.

With joy they beheld him, their Saviour and King,
Rich gifts, gold and spices, they cheerfully bring;
The gift of ourselves we must bring to the Lord,
And he will receive us, we read in his word;
And to praise our dear Savior, this evening we come,
Thy word is the star that shall guide us safe home.

No. 6. CHRISTMAS STORY.

Lift up your eyes, O children,
For Christ, the Lord, hath come!
Lift up your voice in gladness,
Let not a throat be dumb;
Yonder the star is shining!
Yonder the angel throng!
Yonder the Christ-child waiteth!
Why will ye tarry long?

Sing out the joyful tidings
That came with Jesus' birth;
Sing it, till sounds shall answer
From over all the earth.
And little lips that falter
In China's broken words,
Shall lisp the name of Jesus,
The sweetest ever heard.

In Africa's dark forests
Are those who wait afar
For tidings of his glory,
Yet see no light or star;
Oh, point them where it shineth,
Till they shall catch its gleams!
Oh, bring them nearer, nearer,
Till o'er you both it streams!

For every one he cometh,
O children in all lands!
Sing "Glory in the highest,"—
Lift up in joy your hands!
To-night anew he waiteth;
Shall he again depart?
Look up and bid him welcome
And take him to thy heart.

No. 7. ADVICE TO SANTA CLAUS.

Under the brow of the mountain
Nestles a quaint little town,
Into whose old-fashioned chimneys,
Mossy, and broken, and brown,
Santa Claus, such a dear fellow,
Christmas eve always comes down.

Fleet are his beautiful reindeer,
Swift, as though gifted with wings,
Bearing their bountiful burden
Of the most lovely playthings,
Gathered from earth and from ocean,
That the dear Saint always brings.

Yet, though he loves all the children,
Some of them must be his pets;
There are those, orphaned and lonely,
He sometimes almost forgets,
Whose little stockings are empty,
Whose hearts are filled with regrets.

Santa Claus, I always have fancied
You were exceedingly nice,
That your ideas were perfect,
And your kind heart beyond price;
If so, 't will surely not pain you
To take a woman's advice.

See first the poor little wee ones,
Loveless, and lone, and distressed;
Fill up their stockings with treasures,
Gather their thanks to your breast,
Then we will crown you King Christmas,
Of all kings, dearest and best.

No. 9. THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

Far over in Norway's distant realm,
That land of ice and snow,
Where the winter nights are long and drear,
And the north winds fiercely blow,
From many a low thatched cottage roof,
On Christmas eve, 'tis said,
A sheaf of grain is hung on high,
To feed the birds o'erhead.
'T is a beautiful custom, yearly kept,
'T is a kindly one, and true;
And the legend I heard so long ago
I will tell again to you.

In years gone by, on Christmas eve,
When the day was nearly o'er,
Two desolate, starving birds flew past
A humble peasant's door.
"Look! look!" cried one, with joyful voice,
And a piping tone of glee;
"In that sheaf there is plenteous food and cheer,
And the peasant had but three;
One he had given to us for food,
And he hath but two for bread;
But he gave it with smiles and blessings,
"For the Christ-child's sake," he said.

"Come, come, cried the shivering little mate,
"For the light is growing dim;
"'T is time ere we rest, in that cozy nest,
To sing our evening hymn;"
And this was the anthem they sweetly sang,
Over and over again:
"The Christ-child came on earth to bless
The birds as well as men."
High up in the Christmas sheaf they flew,
With twittering notes so far,
That no one might find their hiding-place,
But the very farthest star.

Then safe in the snug, warm sheaf they dwelt,
Till the long cold night was gone,
And soft and clear the sweet church-bell,
Rang out on Christmas dawn,
When down from their covert, with fluttering wings,
They flew to a resting-place,
And they lifted their voices on high, to crave
His mercy and tenderness.
Then again to the Christmas sheaf they flew,
In the sunlight, clear and cold:
"Joy! joy! each grain of wheat," they sang,
"Is a shining coin of gold.

"A thousand ducats of yellow gold,
A thousand if there be one;
O master! the wonderful sight behold
In the radiant light of the sun."
The peasant lifted his tear-dimmed eyes
To the shining sheaf o'erhead:
"'T is a gift from the loving hand of God,
And a miracle wrought," he said;
"For the Father of all who reigneth o'er,
His children will ne'er forsake,
When they feed the birds from their scanty store,
For the blessed Christ-child's sake."

"The fields of kindness bear golden grain,"
Is a proverb true and tried;
Then scatter thine alms with lavish hand,
For the waiting poor outside;
And remember the birds, and the song they sang,
When the year rolls round again;
"The Christ-child came on earth to bless
The birds as well as men."

No. 10. CHRISTMAS.

With the coming of the holidays many of us are reminded of our childhood days, of the Christmas of long ago, when Santa Claus was a real being, who at the hour of midnight came down the wide chimney-flue to fill our stockings with toys and sugar-plums. The delight of those Christmas days still lingers in our memory. He is traveling around the world this week, with his sample cases full of things for the little folks. I wish I was little. Wish I was little Robbie, instead of big Bobbie. I wish I was seven years old again, and Christmas came once a year, and I had a stocking as long as a telegraph pole. No leaves will ever seem so green, no berries so red, as the evergreens and the fireberries which decorated the old home, and no back-log will ever burn so brightly as that which dazzled our childhood eyes with its roaring flame. People who believe in fairies and Santa Claus are usually good people. They never swear, seldom tell stories, and get soundly whipped for it when they do; they never steal anything more than a handful of sugar or a little preserves; I love to believe as children do. For those of us who have reached years of maturity this mystic Christmas has forever departed. Santa Claus has vanished; but if he has gone without leaving in our hearts that spirit which made him what he was to us, we have reason to lament his departure. But this is the children's week. To them belongs the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and if we would love the story and understand it as they do, we must remember that he who was born in Bethlehem said: Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

No. 11. SANTA CLAUS' DREAM.

One year old Santa's pet reindeer got lame,
And he thought that to drive it would be such a shame,
But how in the world could he walk with the toys,
It takes so many for good girls and boys.

So he schemed and worried, then thought of a plan,
I will hire a comet, said the dear old man.
He advertised through the news, like a sensible dear,
And quicker than wink, the comet was here.

So he made it a harness of ice, snow, and hail,
Put its bangs in curl papers, and braided its tail,
He climbed on its back and told it to go;
Then gave it a whipping, because it balked so.

The comet got mad, and went the wrong way—
To the sun, moon, and stars, spite of all he could say,
He told it to stop, and he jerked on the rein,
But the comet kept going ahead just the same.

But first thing he knew, the comet stopped still,
And gave old Santa a poke with its bill;
And winked its eye and said: Whip behind,
For something has caught in my tail you will find.

And Santa looked back, and there, sure as pop,
Was a News reporter, yelling: "Please stop!"
I have held on so long I am sure I will drop,
I am looking for news, and thought I would come too,

And I have held on so long; now stop, please do!
Old Santa laughed, and turned round too far,
Fell off the comet, and lit on a star,
But he could not stay there it was getting near night;

When he looked for the reporter he was away out of sight;
No wonder poor Santa was worried and sad;
It was mean of the reporter to steal the comet he had;
The children up there play with frost and rain-drops,
And don't know how to play ball, dress dolls, and spin tops.

And when Santa Claus thought of his children down here,
With no presents on Christmas, he squeezed out a tear;
And it tickled his nose, so he jerked and jumped,
Then first thing he knew, his head got bumped,
And what do you think? he had been dreaming it all—
He never had rode on a comet at all.

No. 13. CHIMING BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet, the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And had thought how, as the day had come,
The bellfries of all Chrisendom
Had rolled along, the unbroken song,
Of peace an earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolted from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then from each black accursed throat,
The cannon thundered from the mote,
And with the sound the carols drowned,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair I bent my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
For hate is strong, and mock the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

No. 14. A CHRISTMAS CURE.

(SELECT READING.)

Santa Claus sat by the fire in his own home, looking very much troubled. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good, jolly old fellow? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeers got loose? But no—it was none of these things. Could n't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your little anxious hearts, don't you be afraid of that! Santa Claus had toys enough. That was n't the trouble! One stocking there was, for which he had not yet planned a single thing, and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety.

This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the subject, he had not been able to decide upon one thing for that little boy's stocking. Perhaps it seems strange to you that he should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession, but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. Whatever was given him he would either break or do some mischief with. Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his list of toys and presents, nothing had he yet found.

Chirp! chirp! sounded a sharp little voice. "You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!" "O! is that you, Cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here;" and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump. "You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket. "You can't think of anything, I know." "I know, I know," said Santa. "No, I can't give up the donkey, or any other of those fine animals that we have this year. I had thought of a nice hammer and a box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into. Hey, now; what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket, "I think, Santa Claus, that you have forgotten how that little boy beat his brother with the drum sticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; and how he threw his harmonica at the nurse." "Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did, so he did." "And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket, "how will he ever learn better? To be sure his mamma, and papa, and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that every body should help to train such a boy as ——." "I know, I know," interrupted Santa, "You're a wise little counsellor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem, and if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose I must give him something I did not like to do." . . . . Christmas morning came. The little boy whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another, from their long, well stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but *Sawdust!* If I should use all the sad words in the English language, I could never tell you how sad that little boy was when he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else. . . . . It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking. But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder, and rosier, and jollier than ever before; and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of surprises for the stocking of the little fellow to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed. "Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, I am glad we do not need to use it again this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the ——?" This is the end of the story; or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should tell you any more and a certain little boy should hear it, he would know first what would be in his stocking to-night, and that would never do in the world.

No. 15. JOYOUS BELLS.

Ring the bells,
Glad Christmas-Bells!
Fill with carol, song and chime
All this merry Christmas time.
Tell again the story old
Once to watching shepherds told;
Christmas brings us now, as then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Ring the bells,
Glad Christmas-bells!

Ring the bells,
Sweet Christmas-bells!
On that first glad Christmas-morn
Christ the blessed child was born;
And the loving Lord we know
Was the Babe so long ago.
While we worship at the feet
Of the Christ-child fair and sweet,
Ring the bells,
Soft Christmas-bells.

Ring the bells,
Glad Christmas-bells!
Tell the people all to bring
Joyful hearts to Christ their King!
Tell again the story old
Once to listening shepherds told;
Dear the tale to us as them,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Ring the bells,
Loud Christmas-bells!

Ring the bells,
Sweet Christmas-bells!
Fill with carol, song and chime
All this blessed Christmas time!
Ring out with unfaltering tongue
Song the herald angels sung!
In glad chorus, silver sweet,
"Peace on earth," repeat, repeat;
Ring the bells,
Sweet Christmas-bells!

No. 17. SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

One Christmas eve when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa gook and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse,
"I thought you would n't mind

If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for awhile."
"You 're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink—
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There was n't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus with pride;
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict—
Your pardon I implore—
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now, put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mouse chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole.

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I 've put in one thing more:
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh,
And then he gaily spoke:
"Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke!"

No. 18. DIALOGUE.

[Four boys—Harry, Charlie, Clyde, and Frank. Harry and Charlie meet.]

Harry—Hello, Charlie! isn't this weather fine?

Charlie—Yes, it is. We will have a splendid time during vacation.

Harry—If it keeps on snowing at this rate, we can go coasting to-morrow.

Charlie—I have just come by the hill, and there is plenty of snow now. I am going home after my sled. You go and get yours.

Harry—My old sled is worn out and broken. I wish Santa Claus would bring me a new one to-night.

Charlie—See if you can't borrow Frank Durrow's; he has one and scarcely ever uses it.

Harry—That is what I will. It is almost on your road home; you come with me. [They walk to the other side of the stage and rap.] Frank comes to the door.

Frank—How do you do, boys; won't you come in?

Charlie—No, we haven't time. This weather is just jolly, isn't it? we will have a good tim through vacation.

Frank—I don't see anything to enjoy, for my part. If you mean this deep snow still falling you won't enjoy it much, I fancy.

Charlie—Why, Frank! not enjoy it, when we can go sleigh-riding, skating and coasting! I should think you could enjoy vacation if any one could. You have such a fine new sled, and skates, and such warm clothes, too. It seems to me you have everything a boy could wish for, to make him happy.

Harry—I think so, too. If you are not going to use your sled, will you loan it to me? I will return it this evening as good as new.

Frank—My sled, Harry! Why, I could not think of such a thing! *I* never borrow nor lend.

Harry—Well, then, loan me your skates; won't you, please?

Frank—No! I would as soon loan my sled as my skates. I will not loan either of these, nor any of my books or toys.

Charlie—You never seem to use them yourself, Frank; did you take any of them to your grandma's yesterday? I hope you enjoyed your vacation, even if you are so stingy, but I doubt if you did.

Frank—Oh, I had a pretty good time, considering it was only the first day of vacation, and you know they are awful cross with a fellow down there. I tried to play on the piano, but auntie closed it in a hurry. Then I tied an old tin pan to Rover's tail, and that made grandpa mad. I got the cat into a fight with some hens. I tried to make the kitten swim in the water-trough, and it drowned. I threw a whole pailful of water on Sallie, the cook, and hid the tools Dennis was working with under some hay in the barn. I let the pigs out of the pen. I oiled grandpa's buggy, seat and all. I dropped the stitches in grandma's knitting, and broke her spectacles. I took Dick's pony and rode it to the river, I whipped it and made it jump a log, but it fell and threw me off, and I had to walk back. So after all, I guess I had a pretty good time.

Charlie—If you call that having a good time, I guess you had it; at any rate, you must have made them glad twice—once to see you come, and the other when you went away.

Frank—Well, I guess they were; but you see, I went in for fun, ha, ha; I would like to be a mouse and see grandma when she finds her knitting and spectacles, grandpa when he sees his buggy all greasy, and the cook, when she finds the kitten in the water-trough, and Dennis hunting his tools. There comes Clyde.

Harry—Hello, Clyde! when did you return? Did you have a good time at your grandma's yesterday?

Clyde—I did have a grand good time, and if the rest of my vacation passes as pleasantly, I shall be glad.

Charlie—Do tell us all about it; to hear it is most as good as though we had been there.

Clyde—Well, you know I love music. Aunt Mary gave me my first lesson on the piano. I shall practice every day. Then I made grandma a foot-stool, and read to her while she was knitting. She was so pleased and kept such a nice piece of plum pudding for my lunch. Dear old grandma, she is nearly seventy years old. Grandpa took out his horse and new cutter and bells, and we went riding down to the island; the roads were as smooth as glass; it was a delightful ride. When we returned I had a picnic with cousin Ella and the kitten. I tell you I was sorry to leave them so soon. They invited me back to spend a week when strawberries are ripe. Aunt Mary gave me a lot of ginger cake and little mince pies, and grandma gave me the most apples and nuts. I want you boys to come over for dinner to-morrow.

Harry—Good for you, Clyde; we will be sure to come.

Frank—Yes, and I will bring all my new books, and toys, and we will have a splendid time. Harry, you can have my sled this evening if you want it.

Harry—No, thank you; it is too late now to go the hill. We must hurry home and get our chores done so we can go to the children's entertainment at the church to-night. You will all be there, of course.

Frank and *Clyde*—To be sure we will.

Harry—Good bye.

Charlie—Good bye, boys.

Clyde—Don't forget to come to-morrow.

All—We won't; good bye. [Exit.]

No. 20. CARL DUNDER.

[He tells the children about Santa Claus.]

Now, schildren, if you like to listen to me I shall tell you about Santa Claus. In Shermany he vas an oldt mans in a fur coat, and a coon-skin cap, and he trafles about mit six reindeers and a sled. It makes me feel badt all ofer dot I find some schildren who doan pelief in him no more. He vhas sooch a good oldt mans, und he takes sooch comfort mit his presents for schildren, dot some poy who says he doan' pelieve in him should get a licking. Do I pelieve in him? Of course I do! I doan' gif oop dot pelief in Santa Claus if you gif me ten hoondred dollars. Last year I see my oldt womans puy some fur cap in a shtore. Vhen I look in my shtocking on Christmas dere vhas a fur cap. Vhas it dot same cap? No. She puy a cap for her brudder-in-law in Spring-wells, und dot cap of mine come from Santa Claus. I vhas awake vhen he comes on der roof mit his reindeers und sleigh. Der bells go tinkle! tinkle! und der deers paw der snow, und I hear der old mans say: "Whoa! now! Dis vhas where Carl Dunder lives, und I vhas going down der schimney to put a fur cap in his blue shtocking." Und last year I vhas in some shewelry shtore, und I see my poy Shake puy a watch chain. I shut oop my eyes quick, for dot vhas not for me. Maype he like to puy dot chain for his uncle in Dearborn. On Christmas morning I finds some chain in my shtocking, but nobody can make me pelieve dat Shake put her dere. It vhas in der night some sleigh-bells wake me oop, und something goes rush! bang! on der roof, und I hears some jolly old mans sing oudt: "Come, now, and pehave yourselves some more. I vhas looking for Carl Dunder's place, und I haf to go down his schimney, und see if he vhas asleep. I like to leave a watch-chain in his shtocking, und maybe I gif his wife a gold ring. Und one times, vhen I vhas a poy, I goes roundt in der eafnings to drive up der cows. It vhas could und dark, und I vhas lonesome and afraid. Pooty soon a man mit a fur coat und cap comes along, und he schmiles all ofer, und he laught clear down to his boots, und he say to me: "Nefer mind, my poy—it vhas almost Christmas." "But I doan' get nottings in my shtocking." "Doan' you? You shust wait und see. Which place you live in?" "In dot leetle house by the creek." "Oh, yes, I notice dot place. Vhas it a pig shimney?" "Yes, she vhas." "Vhas you in ped early?" "I vhas." "Vhel you go long all right und see vhas happens. Maype you leaf der big gate open der night pefore Christmas. Maype Santa Claus like to drive in." Und how you shpose it vhas? Vhen I gets up on Christmas day I haf a knife, some candy, und two picture books in my shtocking, und my sister hears Santa Claus vhen he drives oop mit his sleigh und says: "Yes, dis vhas der place where dot leetle Dutch poy lifs, und I like him to know I doan' forget him." If I vhas some schildren again I shut my eyes oop so tight as nefer vhas, und I pelief in Santa Claus so hard as efer I can, und I doan' let nopody make me pelief he vhas not all right und der best oldt man in all dis world.

NOTE.—If arrangements have been made for Santa Claus to distribute the presents, a good closing would be "Here he comes now, so I will retire and give him a chance to talk mit you. (Exit and Santa Claus enters.)

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